

THE
CHILD'S FRIEND.

VOL. III.

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NO. 1.

ON HUMILITY.

WHAT is humility? How was it manifested in the life and teachings of Jesus?

Meanness of mind, calling yourself the vilest of sinners, thinking that you can do no good thing, this is not as some think, humility. But to think soberly and justly of yourself, this is true humility. He who fixes his eye steadily on perfection, and compares himself only with that, while he strives ever to approach nearer to it, he must of necessity grow humble. And yet the soul that thus feeds on excellence must also grow nobler and greater with every rising sun.

To keep perfect excellence ever in our eye and to compare ourselves only with that, this then is the way to learn humility; this also is the way to grow truly noble, this will carry us on from glory to glory; that is, from one excellence to another. So is it that "he who humbleth himself shall be exalted."

VOL. III.

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Let us examine the life and listen to the teachings of Jesus, and see whether they taught humility, and how. Jesus knew that he was endowed with miraculous power; he felt that the Father had sent him into the world with a message of love to all mankind that would be heard and felt to the end of all time; he did not hesitate to declare that he was the Son of God, that the Father had sent him: he ever appears possessed with a serene, a sublime consciousness of power; he heals the sick, he declares pardon to the sinner, he controls the storm, he raises the dead, he rebukes the wicked, he threatens men in power with punishment, and yet how gentle, how meek and lowly, how truly humble he appears to us, how continually does he teach this virtue to his disciples. He began by setting a little child before them as an example that that they were to imitate, as a model of true humility to them. But his life and teachings are full of such lessons. He says to his followers, "He that is greatest among you shall be your servant,"—that is, the most perfect man will be the most kind, the most forgetful of himself, the most thoughtful and careful of others. "Neither be ye called masters."—"Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." That is, whoever thinks of and seeks only for his own good, shall lose sight of perfection and become low and degraded, and whoever, forgetting himself, seeks after excellence, strives after the highest good, he shall become truly great and noble. "If any desire to be first the same shall be last of all." "Whosoever will be great among you shall be your minister." That is, your helper and friend. "When thou art bidden of any man to a wedding, sit not down in the highest room"—These

and many more precepts of a like character were his lessons of humility, and how did his conduct correspond with his teachings? We must not forget, that although Jesus was persecuted and insulted, and finally crucified, yet never did any man produce such an effect upon mankind as did he. He, who as he appeared to many, was only the son of a carpenter, from the despised city of Nazareth, was yet followed and admired by multitudes of the people, many of whom gave up their employments, their family, and homes, and all things to follow him; many were ready to fall down at his feet and worship him as a God, and all were prepared to be his instruments for any selfish end. Remembering only the cruel death of Jesus, and the apparent triumph of his enemies, we are perhaps not enough aware of his great success, of the immense power he possessed over the people, if he had been disposed to use it for his own selfish ends: But in this, as in all things, he was a perfect example that we may follow.

Let us take some parts of his story as illustrations of this truth. It says in the seventh chapter of John that when he taught in the temple, the Jews marvelled, saying, "How knoweth this man letters having never learned them?" Jesus answered, "My doctrine is not mine, but his that sent me. If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself. He that speaketh of himself seeketh his own glory." It was evidently the wish of Jesus to turn away the thoughts of the people from himself, and his wonderful powers, to the truths he taught, to the Father who inspired him, and he tells them that any one who did the will of God would know of his doctrines.

remember that the performance of this humble service was his last act of love for his friends.

Cannot children, cannot we all,—for in comparison with the perfect Jesus we are all children,—imitate his humility? Cannot we strive to keep perfection in view and habitually measure ourselves by the standard of perfect excellence which he has set before us, and thus shall we not at last learn to be humble? He that has lived in the sight of God's glorious sunshine, would not be contented to live in a cavern with only a dull lamp. So if you contemplate perfect goodness you will think little of your small excellence, and you will of necessity be humble.

If you possess any uncommon gift, like Jesus you can ever remember the Giver of all good gifts. Have you riches, have you talents, have you wisdom, have you power, have you a full and generous and loving heart, have you health and strength and beauty, have you reputation and power? like Jesus, you can ever remember that there is but one Good, one all-powerful, all-loving, all-wise Being. In thinking of Him and his perfections, you will not think of your poor attainments or excellencies be they never so great, but you will

"Lose yourself in Him, in light ineffable."

E. L. F.

WITH respect to Christ, the wisest are but elder children performing the office of monitors to younger Christians.

C. FOLLEN.

GRACE MILLS.

The thoughtless tongue the weather chides,
Though God's own hand each season guides.

"Oh! mother, I am tired to death of sewing" said Grace Mills, dropping her work, crossing her hands listlessly on her lap, and throwing herself back in her chair; "It is so terribly warm this afternoon that I cannot sew, and I do wish that I had something else to do to keep myself awake."

"Do not, my dear child, yield to such indolent feelings," replied Mrs Mills; "indeed I think half the heat of which you complain is in your imagination; for, though I have been working on this gown all day, I have not felt disposed to complain of the weather. If you do not wish to sew longer, we will go to Mrs. Berry's, and carry to Becky this gown which I have now finished."

"I should be delighted to go with you, mother; for Becky is a dear girl, and always seems so happy."

"You may well take an useful lesson from her, Grace, who, deprived of some of the greatest blessings of life, is still contented and cheerful. Put on your bonnet now, for I have another visit to make, and it will be dark before we return, unless we go immediately."

While Grace was adjusting her dress, Mrs Mills put into a basket the gown and some oranges which she was to take to Becky, and they set out on their visit to the poor child. It was a sultry day in July; and though the sun shone very brightly, it yet had not dried away the pools of water in the road, occasioned by the heavy

showers of the previous day. The patience of poor Grace was sorely tried in this walk ; added to the heat, of which she had made so frequent complaints before, was the muddy walking which she had not anticipated. Some contented children would have thought nothing of these discomforts, or regarded them as trivial compared with the pleasure she expected from her visit ; but Grace, though an excellent girl in many respects, had the disagreeable habit of complaining about trifles ; and when everything was not exactly as she wished, would wonder why it was not so, and what need there was of its being otherwise ; quite forgetting that others might be equally dissatisfied with what pleased her. After walking for some time by the side of her mother in silence, she resisted no longer the inclination to express her vexation, but sighed loud and long.

“What is the matter now, daughter,” said Mrs. Mills, “are you tired of this walk and wishing to return ?”

“Oh ! no,” said Grace, “I would not for the world give up going to see Becky ; but I have been thinking how tedious it is to pick our way through this mud, with the scorching sun in our faces ; and then too how much better to have this rain tomorrow after we have taken this walk, and had the pleasure I lost yesterday. I never was so disappointed in my life as when I saw the rain pouring down yesterday ; after expecting so long to pass that day with Annie Tracy, to have it rain so that I could not go——oh ! it was too bad.”

“Why, my dear child, yesterday was not the only day that could be passed with Annie ; there is a Thursday every week, and you know she is always at home from school on that day.”

"But I may not be invited there again," said Grace.

"I have already received an invitation for you to go there next Thursday," was the quiet reply.

Grace was somewhat soothed by this anticipation, but expressed her opinion still that the rain had been better postponed. Coming to a part of the road, extremely muddy, she proposed to her mother to walk near the fence, where the bank was shadowed by the pendant branches of the kindly protecting elms, and skirted by the fragrant sweet briar.

"A pathway so uneven as that near the fence, is better suited to your young active feet than to mine," replied Mrs. Mills; "and while you go there, I will keep pace with you on this more level part of the road." It was not long before Grace cried out, "Stop, mother, stop for me;" and, looking back, her mother saw that her dress was entangled in a bush, from which she was trying in vain to extricate it. She climbed the bank, and helped to disengage the dress. "Oh! these plaguy sweetbriars," pettishly exclaimed Grace, "what torments they are! They have been scratching me, and catching my dress ever since I came upon this bank." "That was rather troublesome, my dear; but as you went to the bushes, and not they to you, I do not see that you have any right to complain of them."

"There, I knew, mother, that you would say something of that kind, for you never think anything worth complaining about," said Grace, quite vexed that her mother should be so free from irritation. "I resolved at first to say nothing of the ugly briars, which tormented me so; but when they held me so fast I could not help it; and now I must say I do not see what need there is of

such thorny things in the world ; the roses would smell quite as sweet without thorns."

"Do you remember, Grace, the lines you read to me this morning from Thomson's Seasons, where he speaks of the thorns catching the wool of sheep as they passed, and this wool being used by the birds in building their nests ? There is *one* use, at least, of the thorns ; and probably the reason that we do not find every thing in the whole world useful is from our limited knowledge of their properties. Science is continually making new discoveries of the uses of things before unsuspected ; and when you have lived a few years longer, and studied the wonders of our Father's beautiful universe with an attentive mind and loving heart, you may be convinced that there is nothing which is not 'formed for admirable ends,' which is useless, though you may not know the particular use to which it may be applied." They had now come within sight of Mrs Berry's house, a poor, unpainted hut, containing but one room with a single window, and apparently the abode of great want. But a nearer approach gave a more pleasant impression than the distant view ; the rows of hollyhocks, marigolds, and chrysanthemums in the narrow yard, with the woodbine and morning glories twined round the window, and climbing over the shabby fence, shewed that if the inmates of that dwelling were poor, they were not idle ; and that, though deprived of most of the comforts, and all the luxuries of their wealthy neighbors, they were still inclined to enjoy the blessings which Providence had granted them. Mrs. Berry saw them approaching, and recognizing her kind friend, laid by her work to receive them.

"How is Becky this afternoon ?" said Mrs. Mills, as she

placed in the poor woman's hands the basket of comforts for her suffering child, "is she able to receive a visit from us, or shall we call another day?" "Come in, ma'am, pray come in," said the widow; it gladdens Becky's heart to have a call from you and Miss Grace; she is but poorly, but I know a visit from you would do her good."

They entered, and found the invalid resting on pillows in the easy-chair which Mrs Mills had given her; it had been drawn near the only window of the room. There she sate smiling; with pale and hollow cheek, languid frame, and almost inaudible voice, deprived of the solace of beholding the friends who were ministering to her comfort, and those surrounding objects within doors and without, which long acquaintance had rendered dear, and which seem doubly valuable when taken from us. Her eyes were closed in hopeless night. She had suffered from a severe attack of measles six months before, which had proved nearly fatal at the time. Her eyes were so much affected that no medical exertion could restore them, and when the measles left her, the physicians pronounced her blindness hopeless; while a cough and other undoubted symptoms proved to him, as well as the rest of her friends, that she was just passing away from her earthly home. From this time the sun cast no glad-some ray for her; the face of nature was to her as in a moonless, starless night; the countenances of her brothers and sisters, though indelibly impressed on her memory, were forever excluded from her gaze; the eyes of her mother, though often fixed upon her in deepest love and compassion, were to her expressionless. Yet this poor girl, deprived of so much that renders life desirable, was contented and cheerful; no murmurs, no complaints ever

escaped her lips ; and if she sometimes uttered a groan, she would regret that the feebleness of the body should, for a moment, have power to ruffle the serenity of her mind.

"How pleased I am that you have come to see me," said she in a whisper, her debility rendering a louder tone impossible ; "do sit down that I may know you are not going away immediately."

Mrs. Berry handed one of her well-worn wooden chairs, and Grace seated herself on a block at Becky's feet.

"Do you not find this day uncomfortably warm?" said Mrs. Mills. "I feared that the heat would be very oppressive to you."

"Not at all so," said the gentle invalid ; "when it is cooler than to day the fresh air makes me cough, and then I cannot sit at the window ; mother can tell you how much I enjoy these very warm days."

"Yes, ma'am," said Mrs. Berry, "such a day as this is the best in the world for Becky ; and when others are complaining of the heat she is enjoying most ; not to say that she ever makes any complaint when it is not pleasant. She often says she can hear much better than when she had the use of her eyes ; she loves to sit by the window that she may hear the wind among the trees, the rustling of the woodbine which she planted with her own hands, and the buzzing of the insects."

The tears rose into Grace's eyes at the recollection of her own repinings that very day, and at Mrs. Berry's simple recital of her daughter's enjoyments, she pressed the hand of Becky which lay in her own, but said not a word.

"It seems to me," said the patient sufferer, "that the flowers were never half so sweet as they are this sum-

mer, and that the roses, which I used to tie in bunches, were scentless compared with these which little Nannie gathers for me every morning. The voices of the birds were never so sweet as they are now, and I seem to hear these gay creatures express their thanks to their Maker, as they pour forth their rich strains to welcome the rising sun. They might teach me a lesson of gratitude. Many, very many things have I to be thankful for; and, not the least, for the taste which I have always had, but never so much as now, for the beauties of nature. I pray daily to my Heavenly Father—to make me more grateful for His goodness, and less inclined to regret those blessings of which, in his unerring wisdom, he has deprived me.”

Here she paused, exhausted with the effort she had made; her little sister Nannie put her head on the bed, and sobbed aloud, while her mother, scarcely less affected, occupied herself with her needle to conceal her agitation. Mrs. Mills rising to retire, Grace could only imprint a kiss on the pallid cheek of the patient girl, for her heart was too full for words; she felt that it would be a relief to be in the open air. They walked on silently, for Mrs. Mills was unwilling to disturb the meditations of her daughter, certain that what she had seen and heard would make more impression than anything she could say. When she was turning the corner of the road which led home, her mother reminded her that they had not yet been to Goody Woodberry's as they intended. The Goody was a kind old woman, whose quick step and cheerful voice seemed to belong rather to a light-hearted girl than to a woman of seventy years. She lived in a small cottage at the end of the lane, near the river, and employed herself in washing for a few families. Grace

loved the dame who was always kind to children ; as long as she could remember she had seen her pass their house every day, with her little black cambric bonnet, and neat dark blue gown, a bundle of clothes in her hands to be washed, or a tin-kettle of provisions which had been given to her. Dame Trot was her familiar appellation with Grace when a child, and it was always pleasant to her to go to the Dame's house.

She said nothing more about the road or the heat ; for she had too lately felt self-rebuked for her folly in complaining of the sun which our beneficent Father causes to shine and the rain which he sends in due season, to feel inclined to err again in that way. They found Goody Woodberry busily engaged in ironing in the same room where her sister was lying in the bed ; this was a poor cripple, totally helpless, whom the Goody supported by her own exertions.

"Take a seat, if you please, ladies," said the industrious laundress, wiping her forehead with the corner of her neat white apron, as she turned from the hot coals with a flat-iron in her hand, her face heated by her oppressive work in that warm day and little confined room, but brightened still by a smile of content. "I am very glad to see you," she continued, "though I do not leave my work to wait upon you. Take off your bonnet, Miss Grace, for you look warm after walking."

Mrs. Mills told her they could only stop a moment, as it was late, and that they had come to bring some medicine and clothes for her sister. "Bless you, dear lady," said the old woman ; hard work should I have to make her comfortable, if I had not such kind friends. As long as I can work I shall ; and when I am unable, God, I know, will still provide for us both."

Mrs. Mills inquired whether she had as much work as she wished. "Yes, ma'am," was the reply ; " the ladies are very kind in giving me work ; but I began to think this week that I should have no water to wash with, as my hogsheads were nearly empty in this dry time ; and as these clothes must go home tomorrow, because the gentleman is going a journey, I felt much puzzled what to do. You may suppose I was glad enough when I saw it raining so bountifully yesterday ; for as all the neighbors were as much in want of water as myself, they could not assist me. But with getting up before light to wash, and with the hot sun that we have had all day, so delightful for drying, I have got all my clothes ready for ironing, and shall be able to carry them home to-night.—Some of my neighbors hang their clothes on their fences ; but I put mine on that sweetbriar bush, just to the left of the door, Miss Grace, which was washed in yesterday's rain, then I do not have to watch lest they should blow away as they do from the fences, for the thorns hold them fast." Grace looked at her mother as if to acknowledge her error with regard to the rain, the heat and the sweetbriar's uselessness. They bade Goody Woodberry farewell, and returned home ; one of them with a lesson she never forgot.

H. E. S.

THE love of man to man begins with the daybreak of human existence, it is the angel that welcomes him into being, it gives him a home, it leads him to the temple of knowledge, it continues with him in his temptations, it leans on his bosom, it stands by his cross, it opens the heavens, and sees him at the right hand of God.

C. FOLLEN.

THE FLAX-PLANT.

A FLAX-PLANT just raising its head above the soil was delighted with the appearance of a neighboring morning-glory. The vine was just opening its variegated blossoms bathed in dew, and well deserved the admiration of its simple neighbor. The flax-plant anticipated with pleasure the opening of its own leaves and its pale blue flowers. But alas it was so closely sown that it produced only slender and almost leafless stalks. When at last its buds opened, an unseemly shed of brushwood was interposed between them and the sky. Through the interstices of this it could see the morning-glory mounting higher and higher, and adorning the tree which supported it with new generations of flowers and fruits.

But before the flax ripened its seeds, it was pulled up by its cruel master, exposed in heaps to the scorching sun, combed and pounded till every vestige of leaf and seed disappeared, soaked for many days in running water, spread to dry on a barren heath—broken, bruised, and shaken—scraped with a knife, brushed, and prepared for new tortures. Then the spinner and weaver twisted and fashioned it—bleached it beneath summer suns and midnight dews—till, at last, a robe of fine linen, it wrapped the form of beauty.

Perhaps after three thousand years it again saw the light as the wrapping of a mummy. But where then was the morning-glory?—perished long ago—there was nothing in it worthy of such torturing. c.

THE BIRD AND THE MAN.

[This lively little dialogue, translated from the German of St. Schutze, illustrates the old adage, that every heart knows its own burden, and may serve to show our young friends the folly of envying those whose lot may appear in many respects superior to their own.]

Man. O little bird, hopping at my feet, how happy thou art! Thou canst swing thyself through the air; I can do so only in dreams; thou art ready drest when thou risest; thou hast no trouble, no care, and no knowledge of death.

Bird. You are mistaken, my dear Sir, I am not so happy as you imagine. I can indeed fly through the air, but—

Man. And is not that a pleasure? To soar away so freely! Our balloons, driven by the wind—our swiftest coaches with their clumsy harnesses are mere bungling in comparison.

Bird. We seldom fly for pleasure; we fly because we must.

Man. How so?

Bird. You store up every thing that you want in your houses, and then look out at the windows. We have to bestir ourselves and hunt after what we need, now upon the ground, now among the bushes, now in the trees round and round from twig to twig, and when we are thirsty we are often obliged to fly far away, in order to find a fountain or a brook.

Man. The very thing I have been saying—that it is

no more to you, than a leap is to a cat. But how now? Why dost thou start?

Bird. I am frightened at your speaking about cats. If you will talk with me, do use prettier words. Had you said, than a leap is to a grasshopper, I should not have been alarmed. But thus it is with you men. You have no refinement of feeling. There is more tenderness and delicacy in the eye of a single bird, than in all your faces.

Man. I thank you for the compliment. But as we were saying, when a bird desires to get drunk—

Bird. Get drunk! what do you mean? Man alone gets drunk, birds never. As for quenching thirst indeed—when everything is parched up in summer, this is no laughing matter. All of us do not live by streams, neither have we wells in our yards, nor alehouses in our streets, like you. Especially when the young ones still occupy the nest, it is impossible for us to go to any distance.

Man. “Distance,” that is a joke for one who can fly. You shoot through the air like—

Bird. Pray do not name shooting; I can imagine nothing in the world more rude. You not only have branches growing out of your bodies by which you can catch every thing, but you add to them long poles armed with thunder and lightning. We have only our beaks, or at most, a claw. And with them it is impossible to do as much.

Man. But our arms do not reach as far as your wings. Heavens! To be able to sweep from one part of the world to another, I would give all the equipages of the city for them.

Bird. Do not put me in mind of our everlasting com-

ing and going. We always depart very unwillingly ; and when the maidens sing at the fountains,

“ Parting and leaving bring woe,”

we sorrowfully sit around and cannot make up our minds. The cold air alone slowly drives us away.

Man. You afterwards travel in company, so much the better.

Bird. Ah me ! the tiresome fussing before we all collect together, that is an additional trouble. The trailing on from field to field, from vineyard to vineyard ; and at length upon our flight when we sometimes make a descent in our progress, we often find no food, and at last reach our second home quite famished.

Man. So much the greater is your pleasure when you come back again. It is heard in your cry of jubilee.

Bird. It only appears so to you.

Man. You fly with your mates in eager sport ; you build yourselves a nest, and live in it joyfully all the day long.

Bird. O man, what a false idea you have of our life. We are obliged to struggle for almost every thing. We have either lost our mates, which is one of our frequent calamities, or we have none. In this case, we must first fly around for a long time, and scream and call, and probably encounter others upon the same pursuit. What you take for a cry of jubilee, is frequently nothing more than a piteous love-wail, or the strife and contention of rivals. It often proceeds from the one who can bite the sharpest, fly the swiftest in a ziz-zag, or hide himself most craftily ; and yet all have the credit of being happy. When now two have agreed together and wish to build a nest, the trouble begins anew. If they desire to alight in a certain

OF CRYSTALS.

I MUST tell you this time what I have to say of crystals. First remember what a crystal is, or if you would like to have some before you, this is a simple way to make them. Take some common salt or some alum, or Epsom salt, or Glauber's salt, and dissolve it in very hot water till the water will not dissolve any more. This is called *saturating* the water. Then, put it in a still place to cool, and hang by a thread, a rough cinder in it. Now cold water will not hold so much salt dissolved as hot; so when your water cools, part of the salt will leave the water and form in crystals on the cinder. If you try all the salts, you will find that the crystals of each will have a different shape. Snow and ice are crystallized water, rock candy is crystallized sugar, granite is crystallized stone, for once it was all melted. If you break a piece of iron, you can often see its particles arranged in forms that are a little regular. Among minerals there is a great variety of brilliant crystals, and beautiful metallic crystals are often found. Perhaps you have sometimes seen at the druggists piles of splendid crystals of green and blue vitriol or sulphate of copper.

Crystals with their elegant forms and beautiful colors might be called the blossoms of minerals, and you would expect, from their curious regularity that there was something more to be said of them than of minerals of irregular shape. What I shall say will be about this regularity and the laws which govern it.

Crystallization is properly the tendency substances have

to take a regular form, in changing from a fluid to a solid state, by cooling or from any other cause. I suppose all substances have this tendency, though we cannot make crystals of them all; the cause is probably the electricity of the particles.

Now the curious part of the matter is, that it is not determined by chance what regular form a substance takes when it crystallizes, and the same substance does not take a great many different forms. But they are governed by exact laws. There are sets of forms, sometimes three or four or more in a set which are like each other in certain things, and every substance belongs to one or the other of these sets, that is, its crystal can take all the forms of the set it belongs to, but cannot take any other. One of these sets I will tell you. It contains three forms. One is, two pyramids with perfectly equal sides joined together by their bases or bottoms: another is the cube or solid with equal square sides, and the other is a form bounded by 12 sides, all equal. What these are alike in, that causes them to belong to the same set, I will not explain to you here. It belongs to Geometry. Now alum is found crystallized in all these three forms, but never in any other, while salt is never found in any of these forms because it belongs to another set. Mineralogists reckon six of these sets or systems.

Now if you take some crystals of any substance, and examine them, you will say I have been telling you what was not true; for instead of all being of three or four simple shapes, you will find them of ever so many, very irregular and unlike each other. Yes. Crystals take millions of forms. And now what am I going to do? First I tell you that there are six sets of forms each con-

taining about four, and six times four make 24, and then I tell you that there are millions. Here then comes another curious law, for both my statements are true.

Compound crystals form themselves, that have sides of all the figures that belong to their set of forms. Thus crystals of alum will be found of a great many sides, some three-cornered like those of the first form of its set, some square like those of the second, and some like those of the third. Now of these compound crystals there are innumerable kinds. But here comes another curious thing. If you take one of these crystals and with a very delicate knife, attempt to cut it, you will find that in certain places, *not everywhere*, little layers will come off, and leave the surface of the crystal just as polished as it was at first. If you attempt to cut such a layer in another place, you will only break the crystal, and leave a rough surface. Now of course, if you begin to take off such layers at the corners or edges of the crystal, as you will often find you can do, it will change its shape very much, and by continuing to take them all in the same direction, the crystal will take successively a number of different shapes : or if you can take them off in two or three different ways, as sometimes you can, it will make still more. But at last you will come to a shape that will not change but will only grow smaller and smaller. This will be the simple shape of the crystal and will always belong to one or the other of the sets or systems, I have told you of : and no matter how irregular or how different crystals of the same substance may be at first, you can always reduce them, in this way, at last, to one form or other of the *same* set. Is not this regularity curious in such little things ?

You cannot try the experiment easily with a real crystal, but take a piece of potato instead.

Cut it first into the shape of a cube though this itself is a simple form. Then begin to cut layers, from each corner, and of course the form will change. First, you will have a figure with a little triangular side at each corner, and 14 sides in all. These little sides will grow larger and larger as you take off more layers till they are as large as the other sides. This will make a new figure. Then they will become larger than the other sides, and this will make another figure. At last the first sides will entirely disappear and you will have a figure with eight sides, the two pyramids joined together at their bases. This might be done with that splendid mineral, fluor spar or fluuate of lime.

Now you might find another substance that had also crystallized in cubes, but would not allow you to take them from its *edges*, and this would make quite new figures. Try it with your potato, and see what they would be. Then again common salt crystallizes in cubes, but you cannot take layers either from their corners or edges; you can only take them from their *sides*, which would not alter their figure; so that the cube is a primitive form of salt, and you will be able to reduce compound crystals to it and its two companions. Now of these compound crystals there are innumerable kinds.

And now you will ask, Can we go any further, and give a reason for these curious laws? Such explanations have been made, though we cannot tell with certainty whether they are the true ones. The abbé Haüy who was famous for his knowledge of crystals, supposed that these primitive forms of crystals were really the forms of

the infinitely small particles of the different substances. He reckoned five or six such primitive forms, but they reckon more now, as I told you. For want of engravings I cannot show them to you, but I have described one set of them, and of these five or six a great variety of different forms can be made by merely making them long and thin or short and thick. Then out of these regular particles you would find that all the great variety of compound forms could be built up by placing them together, in different ways. Without having studied it, you would have no idea of the vast variety of different forms you can make in this way. For want of figures, I can only give you one very simple example. Suppose you have a parcel of little square or cubic blocks for particles. By putting one layer of them upon another, you can easily build up a large cube. This would be a primitive crystal. Now just as before we cut out the primitive crystal from the secondary one, we can build up a secondary one on the primitive. Suppose for instance that on each of the sides of the cube, you build up a little pyramid, by taking away each time one row all round, from the layers till at last you came to one block on the top. If you put such a pyramid on each of the sides or faces of the cube, you see what a different figure it will make. The cube will disappear entirely, and you will now have a figure of twelve sides: yet it is all made up of little cubes. This is one of the simplest examples because the cube is one of the simplest forms. If you took some of the pointed forms the different arrangements would be more curious and difficult. In this way it has been calculated that crystals of carbonate of lime alone may have 2044 different forms, if you take away only one row

of particles at a time; and if you take away two or three the number would be very much greater. Of course many of these forms would only differ in being longer and thinner or shorter and thicker.

Your crystals made of blocks, would be covered with little steps wherever you took away rows: and so are real crystals if the explanation be true; only the particles being infinitely small, we not only do not see the steps but the surface of the crystals appears to our eyes brilliantly polished.

The last thing I shall tell you is perhaps the most wonderful example of the exact *laws* which govern even the smallest things. It has been found that the sides of crystals of the same substance always form the same angle with each other, so exactly that mineralogists sometimes determine of what sort a crystal is, by measuring its angles or corners. If the angles of a crystal of Glauber's salt measure 26 degrees here, those of a crystal of Glauber's salt from Europe or Asia or anywhere else will measure exactly the same. Is it not wonderful that the forming of these little things, so small sometimes we can hardly see them, should be governed by such accurate laws? And yet I suppose, if we could see it, every little thing in the whole world is ordered as precisely and accurately. It makes me think of what Jesus said, "Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your Father knoweth it." But how little we live as though we believed it! How much we act as if we thought that God did not govern every thing, even the smallest on the earth, but had left us to chance and to ourselves; and so we are not ashamed to sin, and neglect and spoil the work

he gives as to do. And yet we are of more value than many sparrows. Let the crystal prove to us that all things are ordered by him and under his care.

W. P. A.

[The two following articles are taken from a little English Periodical called "Gatherings by Young Hands."]

THE DIAMOND RING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LICHTWEHR.

A RICH old man, as we are told,
Gave to his sons his goods and gold ;
But kept in store one precious thing,
A richly mounted diamond ring.
And then he sent his sons away,
To travel till a certain day ;
That he who did the noblest thing,
Might have the pretty diamond ring.

The time had scarcely passed away,
When home they came one summer's day,
And each related what he'd done ;
But I will take them one by one.

Listen ! The oldest thus began—
" There came perchance a stranger man,
Who trusted all his goods to me,
Without the least security ;
And I returned them every one ;
Now have not I a good thing done ?"
The Father answered, " Yes ! but you
Have only done what all should do."

The second said—"Once on my way,
I saw a child so blithe and gay,
Who stooping down a flower to take,
Stumbled and fell into a lake ;

I plunged beneath the threat'ning wave,
The life of innocence to save :"

His Father said — "'Twas bravely done,
Yet would not all do so my son ?
And though a noble gallant thing,
I must not give to you the ring."

The Youngest came—" Once by his sheep,
My enemy was lulled to sleep,
Close to a precipice, and I
Left him not there to start and die ;
I woke him though my fiercest foe,
And saved him from the impending woe :"
His Father cried with holy joy—
" The ring is thine, my heart-loved boy ;
Sweet is revenge, yet mercy done,
'The better prize hath nobly won."

SLIDE OF ALPNACH.

OF all the mechanical wonders that this world ever saw, the slide of Alpnach is decidedly one of the greatest ; undertaken with such unfavorable auspices, on such rugged acclivities of the Alps, and during the severe indisposition of the engineer, who was dangerously ill of a fever ; all which circumstances joined to make it as difficult a work, as ever engineer undertook.

At the edge of the Lake of Lucerne, there is a large mountain called Pilatus, whose heights are covered with very fine pine timber, but in such an inaccessible situation as to hold the world at defiance.

In the November of 1815, the great mind of M. Rupp conceived the idea of making a slide nine miles long, down which he would send timber into the Lake of Lucerne. This immense slide was finished in the spring of 1818 ; it was composed of 25,000 large pine trees, in the

shape of a trough, six feet deep and the same broad ; the bottom was composed of three pine trees, ingeniously united without the aid of iron. M. Rupp had at this time to contend with the superstitions of the peasantry, who thought he was leagued with evil spirits ; but scarcely had he overcome their scruples, when another formidable obstacle presented itself. He was seized with a fever, but in that state he was carried to the mountain every day in a barrow, and on more than one occasion he was lowered down immense precipices with cords, to make measurements. This was as much as any man could bear, and yet with all these difficulties, M. Rupp saw immense pine trees go through the space of *nine English miles in two minutes and a half*. The slide was sometimes carried underground, and sometimes over gorges 120 feet high, on supports ; it had little rills of water turned into it that the friction might be done away with. M. Rupp once caused a pine tree to spring out of the slide, when it penetrated the earth to the great depth of *twenty-four feet* ; proof of the velocity with which it must have gone. By accident one tree struck another, and split it with the force of lightning. A tree was sent about every ten minutes ; much quicker than it could be forwarded by any other conveyance. In order not to lose any of the small wood, M. Rupp caused charcoal to be made, which was put into barrels and sent down the slide in winter. Yet this immense work, contrived, and almost entirely made by one hand, is now no more ; for it was destroyed by the peasantry, who for the reason above assigned, would have nothing to do with it, but stopped it by every method they could. What a pity that superstition should have the power to destroy so immense a work of human labor !

ON CRUELTY.

ON the banks of a beautiful stream which meanders through the valley, from the high ragged mountains whence it takes its rise, stands a white cottage in the suburbs of a village.

In this cottage, lived a little boy and girl, whose kind and affectionate parents loved them very much, and endeavored to make them good and happy children. Caroline, although two years younger than Charles, had heard many lessons of kindness, which he had failed to learn.

When Charles was quite young, he manifested a bad disposition. He was ungrateful to his father and mother, unkind to his dear sister, and very cruel to every little creature which came in his way.

One morning as he was racing through the flower garden, a large variegated butterfly, which had just burst from its chrysalis, was soaring aloft in the sunny air, when it caught his eye.

He turned towards it, pulled off his cap, and jumped, with all his might, but could not reach the prize. He jumped again and again, but in vain ; as the butterfly was high above his reach.

On looking round, to find something to throw at the butterfly Charles caught hold of the stem of a favorite flower, which his sister had, with great care, trained and cultivated, and which was just disclosing a beautiful blossom to reward her for her care and pains.

This beautiful plant he pulled up, and threw at the butterfly, and brought it to the ground. Then throwing his

cap over it, cried out in cruel triumph, "I have you now." We will not describe his cruelty to the poor insect; it was too bad to be told.

The next morning, when Caroline visited her flower bed, she missed her favorite plant. She saw that the earth was disturbed, and that some one had pulled it up; she could not think any one would be so cruel as to destroy her beautiful flower.

While mourning for the loss of her favorite, she looked around, and saw the wilted stem of the plant, twisted and broken, so that it would be in vain to try to restore it again. It was entirely lost.

She looked towards the house and saw Charles coming through the gate into the garden; she said, "Charles, somebody has pulled up my beautiful flower, and destroyed it. Do you know who did it? Who could be so cruel?"

Charles conscious of his guilt, undertook at first to conceal the truth; but Caroline pressed him so hard for an answer, that at last, he spitefully said, "I did it, myself, and will destroy them all if I please. I do not care for your flowers."

Caroline now had a double cause for grief: first, because she had lost her beautiful flower; and secondly, because it had been destroyed by her own brother. She burst into tears.

Charles, regardless of his sister's feelings, began to plague and torment her. He told her she was a simple girl, to cry about a flower, or anything else. He would pull up all her flowers, if she did not leave off crying. She said, while sobbing for utterance, "Charles, you are very unkind and cruel and wicked, to be always doing

mischief, and trying to give pain to every one and making them unhappy. O Charles you cannot tell how sad it makes me, I wish you would consider, and forsake your wicked habits."

Charles became irritated by his sister's reproof, and raised his hand to strike her, when his father came behind him, and caught his arm, thus preventing his giving his own sister a blow, which might have injured her, and perhaps made her a cripple for life.

His father led him out of the garden and denied him the privilege of going there again, for a long time; and told him never again to raise his hands to strike his dear sister;—that his passions and his cruel disposition if indulged in, would cause him to commit some terrible crime.

Caroline having recovered her love and peace of mind, sought to find her brother one day, while he was not permitted the privilege of visiting the garden.

She found him sitting in the shade of a tree, by the road side, near the garden fence, crying as if in great pain, and holding one of his feet in both of his hands.

"What is the matter?" said Caroline again, in such a kind voice that Charles answered: "Mr. King's great dog bit my foot, and it aches badly. I wish I could kill him, said he, for he is an ugly dog."

It seems Charles was playing in the road, when Mr. King's dog came trotting along, quietly and peaceably; he picked up a stick and chased after him, and was about to give him a blow, when the dog turned and bit his foot, so that he could not walk home.

This was what Charles had been frequently told would take place. The dog knew that he was a cruel boy, and as he saw him ready to inflict a blow upon him he turned in self defence.

Every body that knew Mr. King's dog, knew him to be very kind, and that he would not hurt a child unless he was provoked to do so, by unkind treatment to him.

Charles was carried home, where his foot was dressed, and it was many days before it got well, so that he could run about as before. He was very glad to get well so soon, because the pleasant month of June was near when his birth-day would come. Charles' father had permitted him to play on his birth day, and he used to go into the grove back of the field, and spend the day. When he came home in the evening he would bring birds' eggs, and the little young birds from the nests he had found and destroyed.

When Charles was 13 years old, he rose early in the morning and asked for his breakfast. The sun shone bright and the morning air was fresh and sweet with the fragrance of the flowers. He had promised himself a good time in his usual sport in the grove. After he had eaten his breakfast, without offering up to his heavenly Father one expression of gratitude for his goodness to him, Charles took his stick in his hand and ran through the yard into the path which led to the grove.

At the entrance to the grove, stands a larger elm tree, and as he came near to it, looking up, his eyes were fixed upon something which stopped him; he stepped backward a few steps and seated himself upon a log by the path. Upon the trunk of the tree were these words, "*Stop and think.*" The mysterious appearance of these words at that place, and at that time, made such an impression upon him, that he appeared to be immovably fastened to the log, upon which he had sat down.

While Charles was reflecting upon this remarkable circumstance, his eyes still fixed upon the words, "*Stop and think*," a bird alighted upon a branch of the tree over his head, and poured forth its sweet and melodious notes. This sweet song roused him to consciousness again.

His eyes were for a moment insensibly turned to the bough where the little warbler was sitting. Such were the feelings that filled his heart, that he exclaimed aloud, "I was about to kill little birds that sing so sweetly!" His eyes turning to the words, "*Stop and think*."

He arose from the log, and turned his steps toward the house, looking back occasionally to the mysterious words upon the tree. Moving slowly and silently along, he revolved these words over and over again in his mind, "*Stop and think*," "*Stop and think*."

I cannot describe to you all the feelings that memory brought up in the mind of Charles, but they were such that he firmly resolved to reform and be a better boy, and always "*Stop and think*" before he did any thing, and determine whether it was right or wrong.

Charles was very thoughtful all that day, and made many good resolutions. His sister spoke kindly to him, and her kind words never before sounded so sweetly to him. Every thing around him seemed to wear a more lovely appearance.

On the next day Charles took his hatchet and hammer with some nails, and went down to the great tree, and made him a little seat under it, where he used to go, and sit with his book and read. On his birth-days he would sit there and think over what he had done during the year, and see if he had made any progress in knowledge and virtue, and whether he was any better than he was

the year before ; he grew at last to be a good man. For he learned before he did a wrong thing to "*Stop and think.*"

All children will readily imagine who wrote the words "*Stop and think*" on the tree. They are addressed to us all.

R. W. B.

EVENING SONG.

TUNE—*A. B. C. Song.*

GENTLY in the golden west
Sinks the glorious sun to rest ;
Earth is hushed to soft repose,
While the sky in splendor glows.

CHORUS—Gently in the golden west
Sinks the glorious sun to rest.

Thus in glory and in peace
May our daily labors cease,
As yon gorgeous western sun,
When his daily course is run.

CHORUS—Thus in glory and in peace
May our daily labors cease.

And when sets life's latest sun
And our course of years is run,
Earth we'll leave in peace and love,
Finding glory there above.

CHORUS—May we feel when sets life's sun,
That our work has been well done.

SAINT CHRYSOSTOM.

THE most able thinkers and writers on the subject of education, now agree that a mistake has of late years been committed, in putting into the hands of the young, such books only as are supposed to be on a level with their capacities, to the exclusion of those which would regale their imaginations and stimulate their intellect. It is therefore thought proper in a work like the present, the chief object of which is to commend religion to the youthful mind, occasionally to insert specimens of the foreign eloquence which has trained up remote generations of other nations and other times for virtue and happiness. A recent number of the Democratic Review contained sketches of the lives and characters of some of the early preachers of Christianity, styled the Fathers, from which the following notices concerning St. Chrysostom are taken, as prefatory to several translations from his writings, intended for these pages.

John, surnamed Chrysostom, or the Golden-mouthed, was in the early part of his career bishop of Antioch. In that city the disciples of Christ had first been called Christians, and it united more entirely than any other capital the elegance of Greece and the luxury of Asia. Here it was, that a lively and cultivated population crowded up to the pulpit of the young and eloquent Chrysostom, as to a scene of the rarest enjoyment. The walls of the most spacious buildings could not contain the multitudes that thronged to hear him; they followed him to the gates of the city and the surrounding plains, and there, beneath vast tents erected to shelter them from the rays of the

burning sun, his immense assemblies gave themselves to the delight of listening to his eloquence. The renown of his genius soon spread through the East, and he was transferred to Constantinople, the newly founded city of Constantine the Great, the metropolis of Christianity. There, in the vast cathedral of St. Sophia, now for many ages a Turkish mosque, Chrysostom poured forth that splendid succession of discourses which have come down to our own times under the name of Homilies, and which are probably destined to endure as long as the wants, and sorrows, and weaknesses of the human soul ; since they treat of the most important topics pertaining to the duty and destiny of man. But this great orator was doomed to experience the uncertainty of popular favor. He fell before the persecution and intrigues of his enemies in the court. He was driven into exile, and died at last, worn down by toil and suffering, on the dreary shores of the Black Sea.

Several years since, at a meeting of the Philanthropic Society in Cambridge, the late excellent Dr. Follen earnestly advised the young clergy to acquaint themselves with the writings of the early Fathers, especially Chrysostom. It is hoped that our still younger readers may be interested in the instruction imparted by this great Christian orator, more than fifteen hundred years ago, to listening multitudes ; and that they will read with attention the following extract, in which, with all the vivacity of an oriental fancy, he describes true and acceptable prayer, and the dispositions with which we should draw near to God. Even our youngest readers are capable of wishing to know how they may pray in a manner acceptable to their great Father in heaven, because it is a question of

deepest interest to every human soul ; and here they will find the answer to it, conveyed in words which cannot fail to paint radiant images of light and beauty on their minds.

“ *How should prayer be offered ?* With a sober mind, with a contrite spirit—rivers of tears should flow down our cheeks ; we should ask for no temporal good, but solicit for eternal, spiritual objects. No imprecations against our enemies may be permitted, no injuries may be remembered ; every unruly passion must be excluded from the soul ; we must draw near with broken, penitent hearts, with composed minds, in the exercise of benevolent affections, tuning our voices to praise.

“ On the other part, prayer offered in a contrary spirit, resembles a drunken, brawling woman, brutal and ferocious ; against which heaven is closed ; while the prayer of meekness has in it something powerful and penetrating, worthy of royal ears, yet sweet, harmonious and musical. Far from being expelled the presence-chamber, it passes through, crowned with garlands ; it wears the golden harp and the shining raiment. Its form, its countenance, its voice, find favor with the Judge, and no one attempts to drive it from the heavenly vestibule. The whole celestial choir rise up to welcome it. Such is the prayer worthy of heaven. This is the tongue of angels, where nothing bitter is expressed, but all breathes gentleness ! When prayer ascends, pleading in behalf of enemies and persecutors, the angels in profound silence gather around to listen, and as it closes, they shout their plaudits in wonder and admiration. In offering such prayers, we shall always gain audience.

“ When drawing near to God, let us remember that we are entering a theatre, not of human construction, but

consisting of the universe, thronged with the inhabitants of heaven, whose King is seated in the midst, willing to lend an ear to us. Therefore when tuning the harp of prayer, let the first chord we touch, be that of intercession for our enemies. Thus doing, we may gain boldness to cry out, when pleading for ourselves, *Lord, hear our Prayer!*"

L. O.

POLYCARPUS.—THE KINGDOM OF TRUTH.

[FROM KRUMACHER'S PARABLES.]

THE excellent Polycarpus, Bishop of Smyrna, had left the city as persecution began to prevail, and retired into the neighboring country, with his faithful disciple Crescens. As the cool of the evening came on, he walked out under the shade of the magnificent trees which stood before the country-house. Here he found Crescens under an oak tree, resting his head on his hand, weeping.

The old man approached him, and said: "My son, why weepest thou?" But Crescens raised his head, and answered: "Why should I not weep and lament? I am thinking of the kingdom of God on earth. Storms and tempests are gathering round it, and will destroy it in its youth. Many converts have already fallen away, and have denied and blasphemed it: proving that many unworthy persons profess it with their mouths, while their hearts are far from it. This fills my soul with sorrow, and my eyes with tears." Thus spoke Crescens.

Then answered Polycarpus smiling, and said: "My dear son, the divine kingdom of Truth is like a tree

which a farmer cultivated. Secretly and in silence he laid the seed in the earth, and went away. And the seed sprouted and sprung up, among weeds and thorns, and raised its head above them; and the thorns died out of themselves. For the shade of the tree destroyed them. But the tree grew, and the winds roared around it, and shook it. So much the deeper struck its roots into the soil, and grasped the rocks deep in the earth, and its branches stretched towards Heaven. Thus the storms strengthened it. And as it grew higher and its shade spread wider, the thorns and weeds grew up again under it. But it heeded them not in its majesty, and stood still and immovable, a tree of God!"

Thus spoke the excellent Bishop, and giving his hand to his disciple, he said smiling: "Why should the weeds that creep about the root of the tree, trouble thee when thou lookest up at its summit? Leave them to Him who planted it!"

Then Crescens arose, and his soul became cheerful. For the old man walked along with him, bent by years; but his spirit and his countenance were as those of a young man.

J. E. C.

THE MOSS-ROSE.

[FROM THE SAME.]

THE angel who takes care of the flowers, and sprinkles the dew upon them in the silent night, was sleeping one spring day in the shade of a rose-bush. And when he woke up he said with a look of affection, "Dearest of my children, I thank thee for thy refreshing fragrance, and

where the Blue John is obtained. The guide pointed out some stems of stalactite which from their shape had obtained the name of the organ, and we saw the veins of Blue John. Having picked up a few rough specimens of this spar, we began to retrace our steps, and soon reached the mouth of the mine, much tired but greatly pleased with what we had witnessed. [From "Gatherings by Young Hands."]

A PARABLE.—SHIRAFF BEN-HADAD.

ONE day Shiraff Ben-Hadad asked the angel Borak, who tarried with him in his tent, when he came to Yemen to instruct the Sons of the Faithful, and said, "Show me, O servant of Allah and Child of the Prophet, the holiest of the Sons of Men dwelling in this city of Bagdad." The angel placed him invisible on the top of the great Mosque of Omar, and touched his eyes so that he saw the real of things. He looked down on the city beneath, and its roof and walls were as transparent as the evening sky. "Look now," said the angel, "and tell me what thou seest." He looked, and as men lay in sleep, while the morning was beginning to streak the east, he saw that the thoughts of many who wore the garb of piety, conflicted with the word of Allah. The Koran lay beside the bed of one whose mind was full of riot and sin. Their minds seemed at war with God—they yielded not to his will, nor did his spirit flow into them unobstructed as into the opening rose and the singing bird of paradise flying aloft to meet the sun. "Alas," said Ben-Hadad, "I am over-

whelmed at seeing the Sons of the Prophet: the Dervis, the Cadi and the Sultan are all but children of the Devil even as I. Show me, oh show me a holy man." He turned as he spoke towards a new street where at that early hour a single man walked singing as he went. It was a poor cobbler going thus early to his stall; his thoughts were all laid open to Hadad, and he obeyed the Highest in his low vocation as perfectly and unresistingly as the blowing wind or the fragrant rose. "Daily," said the angel, "he plies his humble tasks, and in that stall is closed the whole boundless Heaven. On him and on his brother, a rustic in Bakirah, alone rests the spirit of entire Holiness since the Prophet left the earth." T. P.

A VISIT TO THE LAKES.

THE Lakes, as they are named, are situated in the north of England, and are distinguished by their beautiful scenery. In the centre of the lake of Windermere (which is the largest of the lakes,) there is an island which has a shrubbery, house, and some outhouses on it. In Windermere many kinds of fish are caught. The numerous villas contrasting with the trees round about them present a most beautiful spectacle. About two miles from Windermere is Esthwaithe water, which is near the town of Hawkshead. Its size is about a mile and half or two miles in length, and half a mile in breadth. Its scenery principally consists of mountains, which look very beautiful in the evening. In the lake there is a floating island which sometimes moves about with the

wind. It is frozen to one place in the winter ; indeed it is generally at one place both in summer and winter. About eight miles from Esthwaithe, one comes to Grassmere, which is about half as long as Esthwaithe, and of nearly the same breadth. Persons are not allowed to fish in Grassmere because the lady to whom it belongs preserves it for the exclusive fishing of one person, who is very fond of that sport, and who is a near relation to the lady.

From Grassmere one comes to Ullswater, near to which there are some very fine mountains which contain slate in great abundance, and there are a great many persons employed in getting it. The lake of Ullswater is rather long, about four or five miles, and about three quarters of a mile in breadth. The scenery about it is very beautiful, the sides being interspersed with woods and some cascades. The hazel trees grow in great abundance about Grassmere, and the nuts are sent all over the kingdom. The principal trade carried on about the lakes is the transporting of slates and stones, which are obtained from the mountains. The lakes are very cold in winter, which causes visitors to leave them in that season. [From "Gatherings" &c.]

THE SQUIRREL.

THE body of the squirrel may almost be compared to that of the rabbit, with shorter ears and a longer tail. The tail indeed is the most conspicuous part of its body, it is long and bushy, and serves for many purposes. Indeed the little animal would not be able to support life

without its tail ; when it is cold, it winds it round its body to keep itself warm, and in summer when the heat is troublesome, the tail serves the same purpose as a screen.

There are several varieties of the squirrel race. There is the Grey Virginian, the Siberian, and the Carolina squirrel. The Grey Virginian squirrel is larger than the common squirrel, and its limbs more muscular : its color, as its name implies, is a fine greyish white, with a red streak on each side of its body. The tail is covered with long grey hair, marked with black and white at the end. The Barbary squirrel, is of a blackish red color, marked with brown and white lines, which gives it a pleasing effect. The Siberian squirrel, is of the same size as the common one, and differs from it very little. The Carolina or black squirrel, is much larger than the Siberian, and sometimes tipped with white at all its extremities.

There is also another species of squirrel, which is perhaps the most interesting ; it is the flying squirrel. It does not fly as would seem from its name, but takes such immense leaps from one tree to another, that it almost seems to fly. It is greatly assisted in these leaps by a very curious formation of the skin which extends from the fore feet to the hinder. This little animal is a native of America, but is often brought to England. It is soon tamed, but is very apt to get away the first opportunity.

The squirrel builds its nest in the large branches of trees and forms it very neatly of twigs, moss, and dry leaves, which it twines together with great ingenuity, and constructs a commodious little dwelling, capable of bearing the strongest storms. [Ibid.]

THE ALBATROSS.

THE Wandering Albatross (*Diomedea exulans*,) is the largest sea bird that flies ; yet, though it is so to the eye, its thick covering of warm feathers, makes it appear larger than it otherwise would do. It is pleasing, when out of sight of land, to behold this beautiful bird sailing about in the air, and sweeping near the stern of the ship with an air of independence, as if it were monarch of all it surveyed. With or against the wind, makes no difference to it. It may be truly said of him,

“ His march is o’er the mountain wave,
His home is on the deep.”

No tempest troubles this bird, for it may be seen sportively wheeling in the blast, and carousing in the gale. They are very voracious birds, and can easily be caught by baiting a hook with a bit of meat, and trailing it after the vessel with a long line : the albatross generally seizes it and swallows the bait, and is pulled on board as a boy pulls in a kite. In one instance the line broke, and the Albatross had a portion of the line pendant from its beak, and by this mark was ascertained the length of time it followed the vessel. The one in question was observed two days after.

The Albatross is on the whole surface of the globe, in the Southern seas, retiring to breed in the most lonely and desolate situations. [Ibid.]